



A Copy of VERSES humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses, in the Parish of St. George the Martyr :
By JOHN SMITH, Beadle and Bellman.

PROLOGUE.

ONCE more, my Muse, in soft and humble Verse,
My Masters Praises I'll again rehearse:
With my Performance once more I you greet,
Good Sirs, with Pleasure then peruse my Sheet:
Whole generous Acts, both Moral and Divine,
With such a rare uncommon Lustre shine,
That to recount 'em all in vain I fought,
The Subject far exceeds the Bounds of Thought.

On St. Andrew.

ST Andrew did Christ's heavenly Doctrine teach
And to the unrelenting Sinners preach:
For Preaching thus the holy Word of God,
With bitter Pangs he felt a Tyrant's Rod:
But still the Wicked firmly strove to bring,
To the true Knowledge of their heav'nly King:
And when unto the Cross this Saint was ty'd,
He scorn'd their Malice and with Courage dy'd.

On St. Thomas.

WHAT Cares attend the hapless State of Man,
Whom Satan at all Times strives to Trapan?
St. Thomas, tho' inspir'd, his Flesh was frail,
As Man he sinn'd, thus Nature did prevail:
He knew full well from whence his Master came,
And that the holy Jesus was his Name:
But when his Faith was strengthen'd, he ador'd,
The Mercy and great Goodness of his Lord.

On Christmas-Eve.

AWAKE, my gentle, Fair Ones, quickly rise,
No longer let dull Slumber seal your Eyes:
Christmas, your cleanly Labour now requires,
To make your Pies, and Spit your Beef for Fires:
But then be sure to mind and tap your Beer,
That claims, like all the rest, peculiar Care:
Tho' all Things else is got, nought will avail,
A Slice of Beef requires a Cup of Ale.

On Christmas-Day.

CHEAR up, fond Soul! let nothing thee dismay,
Salvation's sure, wilt thou but seek the Way:
For on this Day, on this same glorious Morn,
Was the great Saviour of the World then born.
Then Tune ye heav'nly Host, and you Celestial
And with harmonious Musick fill our Ears: [Spheres,
Rejoice ye Mortals that are here on Earth,
And with great Joy all celebrate his Birth.

On St. John.

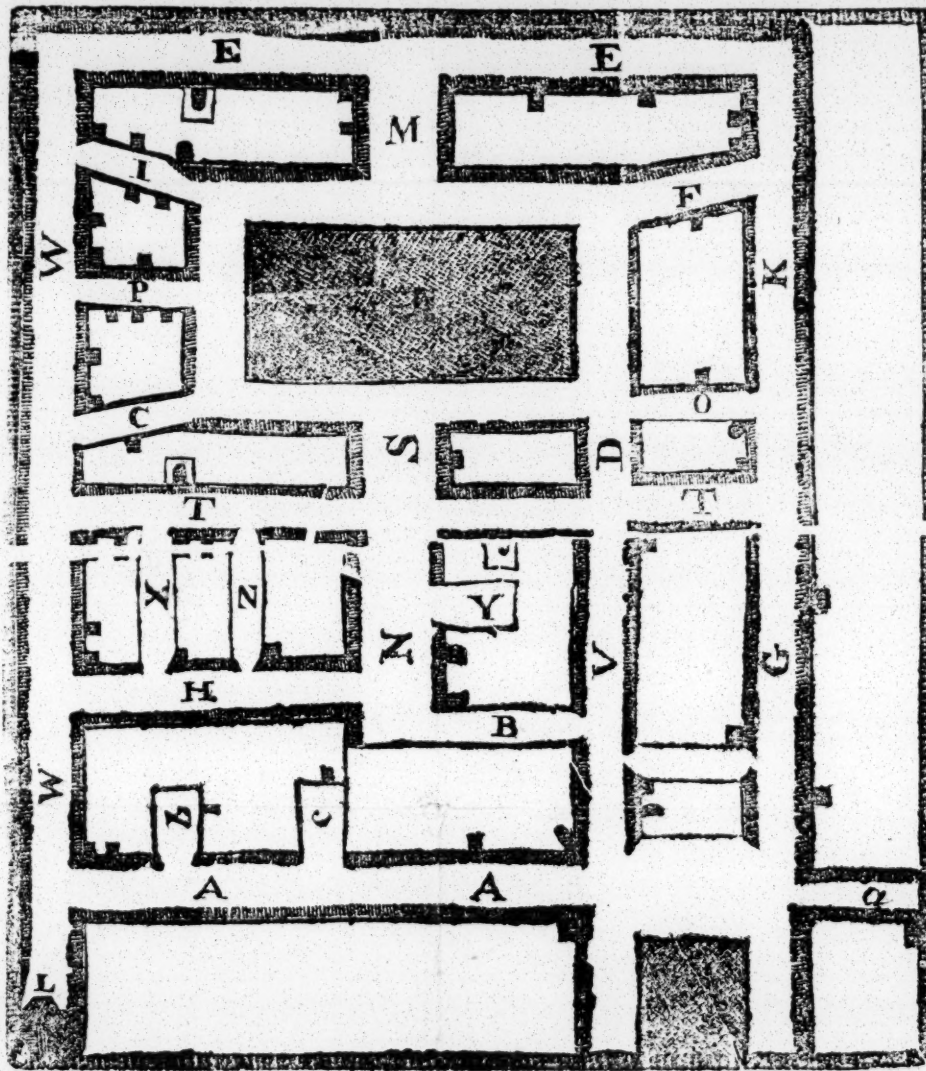
HAPPY the Saint who had such Pow'r giv'n,
To fear no cruel Pangs, but Pant for Heav'n:
No fear of Death his pious Soul cou'd move;
His Mind was fix'd on greater Joys above:
No Persecutions did his Thoughts prevent,
For Christ, he dreadful Tryals underwent.
Leaving a wicked World, he soon retir'd,
To Patmos Isle, where he in Peace expir'd.

On Innocents-Day.

ODious Thought! O terrible Decree!
That tender Infants must all Murder'd be:
Mothers all weeping with their Children fly,
To shun the bar'rous Tyrant's Cruelty:
But with swift Rage the Murderers pursue,
And in the Innocents Blood their Hands imbrue;
The Lord of Life was from their Fury fled,
And by an Angel into Egypt led.

On New-Year's-Day.

TIME has once more his circling Motion run,
And the New-Year, I hope, with Joy's begun:
Whether we Work, or gently spend the Day,
The Minutes fly, and quickly pass away:
But happy he who well his Years employ,
That can with Pleasure view the past with Joy:
No Sorrows then can touch a good old Age,
When he at last is going off the Stage.



Note. The following Lines are an Explanation of the above said Draught of the Parish of St. George the Martyr.

AA Great Ormond-Street, a Little Ormond-Street, B Boswel-Court, C Lamb-Conduit Passage, D Drake-Street, E Eagle Street, F Fisher-Street, G Gloucester-Street, H East-Street, I Gray's-Inn Passage, K King's-Gate-Street, L Lamb's-Conduit, M Lee-Street, N New North-Street, O Orange-Street, P Princes-Street, Q Queen-Square, R Red-Lyon-Square, S Old North-Street, T Theobald's-Row, V Devonshire-Street, W W Red-Lyon-Street, X Bedford-Court, Y Courten's-Yard, Z Theobald's-Court, a Little-Ormond-Yard, c Great Ormond-Yard.

On Twelfth-Day.

SEE now my Lads who advanc'd will be,
To hear the mighty Marks of Majesty:
When o'er a fine Twelfth Cake how we'll all sing,
And Bumpers fly around to Queen and King:
The Knife and Slut together with the rest,
With Merriment and Joy drink of the best:
But if you happen King or Queen to be,
I hope your Goodness will remember me.

On the King.

Hill mighty George! Just Guardian of our State,
May greater Blessings still upon you wait:
With your Indulgence Britons happy be,
And feel the Sweets of gentle Liberty:
Whilst you with Softness do our Laws maintain,
And guide with Mildness your auspicious Reign:
Then may you still your Subjects Good protect,
And we your Royal Favours ne'er neglect.

On the Prince and Royal Family.

WHAT Sight his here! A Sight beyond compare,
So many Beauties charming brisk and fair:
Their outward Forms our Approbations find,
But who can paint the Greatness of their Mind?
Here you a glorious pleasing Prospect view,
As future Guardians that must govern you:
Long may they live, and all as fruitful be,
As the great Founders of their Progeny.

On Griffin.

YE gentle Craft, since this is Griffin's Day,
Fill up a Bumper, throw all Care away:
A Brimmer to the Mem'ry of his Name,
Our Royal Patron does most justly claim:
Then let us all in Merriment agree,
And spend our Time in Mirth and Jollity:
For as Historians do of him relate,
Forlook for Laft and Awl, h's Courtly State.

To my Masters.

TO you, most worthy Sirs, I owe respect,
My Nightly Duty I will ne'er neglect:
But bravely Face the Dangers of the Night,
And sturdy Villains will I put to flight:
There's none shall e'er disturb you while you sleep,
For I will strive in Safety you to keep;
Nor will I mind the Dangers I go thro',
For I don't fear a good Return from you.

To my Mistresses.

TO me my Mistresses were always kind,
And from their Bounty I much Comfort find:
Their beauteous Charms I justly wou'd display,
Since they appear transparent as the Day:
And gives my Masters Comfort and Delight,
When they with Joy do pass away the Night:
To take a virtuous Woman in their Arms,
O the dear Thought! How it with Pleasure charms me.

To the Young-Men.

TAKE care fond Youth that you consider well,
Not in the Way of Wickedness to dwell:
Thy chief Delight shou'd centre all in this,
Strive to attain eternal Happiness:
In Goodness thou wilt greatest Comfort find,
Besides the Ease and Pleasure of thy Mind:
For when you come to Die how well 'twill be,
When there's no dreadful Thoughts of Misery.

To the Young-Maids.

MY charming Fair, pray listen and attend,
And learn this useful Lesson from a Friend:
Let no deceitful Arts lead you away,
Nor no soft Words your tender Hearts betray:
For Man, vile Man, for you will lay a Snare,
Then of his fair Delusions pray take Care:
But if you think to take One to your Bed,
A virtuous Person fittest is to wed.

The Bellman's Prayer.

ETERNAL and Great Ruler of all Things,
Who sways the Hearts of Emperors and Kings:
On this thy Church pour heav'nly Blessings down;
Proper our King with Honour and Renown:
May all the World view Albion in success,
And Europe Envy Britain's Happiness.
Bless all my dear and worthy Masters here,
And after Death may they bright Saints appear.

EPILOGUE.

MY Muse has done her best, I think 'tis Time,
Now to discharge her, being fatigued with Rhime:
Perform'd her Task; done what she did intend,
And begs her Masters they would her besfriend:
When my good Masters looks bespeak her Praise,
O how her Spirits they begin to raise:
Her Care is such, it on their Mercies lie,
Not knowing whether she's to Live, or Die.

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